A New Election Song.

YE Electors of *Southwark*, of every Degree,
Who, like your Forefathers, are honeſt and free,
Come Vote for the Man who is hearty and juſt,
And has always prov'd ſteady and true to the truſt.
Attend Liberty's Call, to her Standard repair,
And Huzza for ever, for honeſt ADAIR.

CHORUS.

Attend Liberty's Call, to her Standard repair,
And Huzza for ever, for honeſt ADAIR.

At this critical Moment, when Legions of Foes
Old England ſurround, and her Welfare oppoſe;
Shall a Boy, who's ſcarce out of his 'Prenticeſhip yet,
For the Borough of Southwark in Parliament ſit?

CHORUS.

Attend, &c.

Maſter *Thornton* has made a moſt terrible Pother
And talk'd of his Uncle, his Father and Brother;
He boaſts of *their* Charity, brags of their Pelf,
But not a good Word can he ſay of himſelf.

CHORUS.

Attend, &c.

I'm neither of *Cephas*, *Appollos* nor *Paul*,*
For it's very well known that I'm nothing at all;
"*I have not no* Principles, *am not of no Faction*,"
So ſpake *pretty Maſter*, without any Action.*

CHORUS.

Attend, &c.

But ADAIR is a Man, in whom we confide,
Whoſe worth and Abilities oft have been try'd;
For Freedom he always has given his Vote,
And we're ſure that he never will prove a Turn coat.

CHORUS.

Attend, &c.

* His own Words on the Huſtings.